

The Dark Case

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Summary: Set in season 11. Dean and Sam search for a case, and what they stumble upon wasn't quite what they were expecting. Sam gets fatally sick by a supernatural disease and that leaves it up to Dean to solve the case. Will they figure it all out before the entire human race is wiped out? hurt!sam and protective!dean will make appearances.

1. Smoke

"'A woman admitted to a psychiatric ward after being fired and divorced'", Dean read aloud. "That might be something, right? What'd ya' think, ghost possession making her lose her job and husband, and then her mind?"

Sam sighed. "No, I don't think it's that strange of a reaction after something like that."

"Fine," Dean muttered. Then he peaked up. "Hey, listen to this. '29 dead overnight by fatal epidemic.'"

That actually caught Sam's attention. "That's a lot for just one night. What're the symptoms?"

"Let's seeâ€¦| Coughing up blood and catching high fever. That's what they die from, the fever."

"Now that might actually be something. Think we should check it out?"

"Of course, why wouldn't we?"

"Well, we've kind of got a lot on our plates with Cas, Lucifer and Amara..."

>"Yeah, I know," says Dean, "but we agreed to keep doing cases until

we find some new info on all that. Meanwhile, we've got nothing better to do, right?"<p>

"Right", Sam agrees. "Okay then. Where do we start?"

Dean's eyes swept over the computer screen. "There's a hospital taking care of all the patients sick with the disease. We should probably go there, try to find out more about the sickness."

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Once they reached the quarantined wing of the hospital and showed their FBI badges, they were immediately equipped with facemasks and gloves.

"So you don't know what this disease is?" Sam asked a female dark-haired nurse. Her nametag read Jocelyn.

"No, but whatever it is, it seems highly contagious", she replied, voice muffled by the mask.

>They walked into a large room filled with patients in hospital beds.<p>

"You keep them all in the same room?" Dean said. "Is that smart?"

"Not really, but we have no choice. We're running out of space to keep them all. Over 120 have gotten sick within the first day."

"My god," Sam mumbled. "It's spreading fast, huh?"

Jocelyn nodded sadly.

"How does it spread?" asked Dean. "By breathing the same air or just skin-to-skin contact?"

"We actually don't know yet", the nurse replied. "It's been almost impossible to get any information from the sick. It happens so fast, from the minute they start coughing it never takes more than 24 hours until they die."

"Can you tell us more about the symptoms?" Sam asked.

"From what we've gathered, it starts with coughing up blood. Then the body temperature starts rising and just... doesn't stop. We've documented temperatures up to 109 degrees. And that's what they die from."

>"That's horrible", Sam said. "And there's nothing you can do?"<p>

"Nothing yet. We try to ease their pain, but nothing'll stop the fever."

"Alright, anything else you've noticed that might be weird about the patients or the symptoms?" asked Dean.

>Jocelyn seemed to think for a while. "Well, there is one thing. They all seem to kind of go crazy. We thought it was just fever hallucinations at first, but they're all talking about seeing the same thing."<p>

"What?" Sam said. "Seeing what?"

"Smoke", Jocelyn said. "Dark, black smoke. They said it was everywhere, but there hasn't been a record of a fire anywhere near them."

Sam exchanged a pointed glance with Dean. Demon smoke. So this was a case.

"If you come with me to the office, I'll show you all the journals and the records of their symptoms."

"Yes, thank you", said Sam.

"Yeah, I'm gonna stay and talk to the patients", Dean said.

Sam hesitated. "Okay. But be careful, alright? Don't get infected."

"You too."

Jocelyn then led Sam out into a hallway, down to an office filled with drawers full of medical records. He took off his mask as she handed him a couple of files to be able to read better.

"Same symptoms", he mumbled as he scanned through the pages. "Different histories. They got anything in common?"

"Not as far as I know", Jocelyn said, her words a lot clearer now without the mask. "Different income, different origins, different age. They all live far from each otherâ€¦ The only thing I can think of is that they all have family. Not one patient here without close relatives."

"Hm", Sam said. Then he closed the files and handed them back. "Well, thank you for your time. My partner and I will be leaving now."

She just nodded.

Sam put the mask back on as he walked back into the room and met up with Dean.

"What'd you find out?"

"Not much", Dean said. "They're all too delusional from the fever to make any sense. What about you?"

"Nothing much here either, except for the fact that everyone who's sick has a family, but I'm not sure that has anything to do with it."

Dean sighed. "Alright then, what now?"

"I'll head back to the motel and do some research, look through the lore. I think you should probably drive down to the police station, find out if anything like this has ever happened before."

"Alright, sounds good."

ooo000ooo

Since Dean took the car, Sam had to walk back to the motel. He didn't mind though, it wasn't far, and the weather was nice outside. It gave him a chance to clear his head, which felt a lot fuller than usual.

He wondered where he'd start the research. He only knew one thing for sure, and that was that the disease wasn't natural- it was demonic. That was clear from the black smoke the patients spoke of.

As soon as the thought of the black smoke crossed his mind, he thought he saw something move in an empty parking lot out of the corner of his eye. Something dark and shapeless. But when he looked over there, the parking lot was still empty. Nothing unusual there.

>"I'm overthinking it", he said to himself with a slight laugh.<p>

He was thinking about it too much, it was just getting to his head. He must've imagined it.

And he was right; everything couldn't get more normal. The sun was shining, birds were singing and the people he met on the sidewalk smiled politely at him.

After walking for fifteen minutes, the sun started getting on his nerves. He felt too hot and longed for some shade and a cool bottle of water.

Suddenly, he tripped and stumbled forward, but managed to regain his balance just in time. He looked back to see what he tripped over, but there wasn't anything there. And then he realized that the world was spinning slightly. That's what had made him lose his balance.

"Must be getting a damn sunstroke", he muttered, and decided to hurry the rest of the way. He was almost there.

After five more minutes of walking he finally reached the motel room, sweating profusely. He drank a whole bottle of cool water and immediately felt better. Time for some research.

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A/N: New Supernatural story of mine! Hello readers! What do you think about where I'm going with this? I swear it's going to get more intense soon. Please leave a review telling me your thoughts and I'll have the next chapter up soon. Thanks for reading!

2. Biological Warfare

Something was tickling Sam's throat. He kept trying to clear it, but it didn't work. Drinking more water helped for a bit though.

After about an hour of research, Dean finally arrived at the motel room.

>"Anything?" Sam asked.<p>

Dean shook his head. "Nah, nothing like this has ever been recorded

to happen before. It's so huge. I mean over 150 infected in the first day, and there's no cure? The whole town'll be wiped out in a week."

"Yeah, tell me about it", Sam said with a slight shake of his head. "I did find something though. And it's bad news."

Dean groaned. "What is it?"

"I found some lore about something called 'The Dark Death'. Here, listen to this; '_The Dark Death epidemic swept through the planet like an unstoppable tsunami. Once the dark smoke inhabited a mind it could not be stopped. It lit a fire within so fatal that every life around it shriveled and died too. This was the work of a powerful darkness, so fierce that God himself felt threatened, and it had only one goal; the destruction of humanity.'_"

"That doesn't sound good", Dean muttered. "Lighting a fire within, that must be the fever."

"I know", Sam said. "Worse yet, I think Amara's behind it."

Dean raised his eyebrows. "The darkness? Why?"

"The disease was caused by 'a powerful darkness'?" Sam said, pausing for a cough. "Powerful enough to allegedly scare God? If that doesn't describe Amara then I don't know what will."

"Yeah, I guess you're right." Dean sighed. "So she's planning to wipe out humanity, huh? Why?"

"Well, she's looking for God, right? I guess she figured, what better way to get his attention than destroying his creations."

"Talk about being a bad sister", Dean snorted. "Does it say anything about how to stop it?"

"Well, it sounds more and more like it's a spell of some kind. A very powerful one. But there's a part here that makes me think it's attached to an object, and that's how it stays anchored on earth. Instead of keeping it going with her own power, she linked it to an object."

>"What object?"<p>

"Actually, object_s_, rather. '_The force of the Dark Death can only be contained by the darkness itself, or by the artifacts of the darkest of deeds. An object drenched in the blood of betrayal. To destroy such a powerful artifact can only the blade of light.'_"

>"My god, can they be any more subtle", said Dean with a roll of his eyes. "Okay, so if the disease isn't linked to Amara, then it's linked to an object drenched in the blood of someone betrayed, so someone murdered?"<p>

"I think so, yes", Sam said. "And to destroy it we'll need a Holy Knife."

>"Holy Knife, that's new. How do we get one of those?"<p>

"I'm not sure, but-" Sam was interrupted by another cough attack. He covered his mouth with his hand, and when he removed it, he could

only stare at it for a while. It was spotted with blood.

"Sam?" Dean said, frowning. "What's wrong?"

Sam looked from his brother down to his hand again, before another cough tore through his body, more violent this time.

"You're sick", Dean whispered.

"I'm sick", Sam repeated, stunned.

How?

His brother suddenly reached toward him, but Sam quickly jumped out of the way, covering his mouth with the sleeve of his shirt. He turned and ran into the bathroom, slamming the door shut after him and locking it.

"Sammy?" Dean's voice called from the other side of the door. "Sam, let me help!"

"No, Dean", Sam said. "We're of no use to anyone if we're both dead. You've got to stop this disease."

>"Damn it, Sam." Dean banged at the door. "If this is what we think it is, you'll be dead in a day!"<p>

"Then go find something that belonged to someone who was murdered and destroy it. That's the only way you can help me."

Whatever Dean said next, it was drowned by Sam's next cough attack. He spat the blood out into the sink and tried to rinse his mouth with water to get rid of the taste. Then he sank down to the cold, tile floor, leaning against the bathtub.

He heard Dean swear, then shuffle around the room before knocking at the bathroom door again. "Alright, I'm heading out. I'll be back soon. You stay alive, you hear?"

"Of course", Sam said, voice raspy.

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"Hi", Dean said, standing at the reception in the police station. He held up his FBI badge. "I need to have a look at the most recent, close-by murders in town."

The police officer at the reception frowned. "What for?"

Dean was used to questions by now; not everyone was completely blindsided by the sight of FBI. So he put on his scary-face. "It's classified. And I'm sure that you're not going to stand in the way of a federal case?"

The officer sighed, but left his chair to lead the way to the record room.

Dean shuffled through the files as fast as he could, but trying to find a case where the victim had bled on some kind of object that weren't then donated or thrown away, but kept by the relatives, proved difficult.

After 45 minutes of reading, he finally found it. Heath McNeal was murdered by his girlfriend, stabbed in the chest. Cause of death: left ventricle torn, bled out.

Guess she thought a literal broken heart served him right.

There were pictures of the crime scene, and the blood was everywhere.

Dean shoved the other records back in their shelves and returned to the desk. He dropped the file in front of the officer. "Is it possible for you to track where Heath McNeal's belongings went after his murder?"

"You're here for the McNeal case? It was sold several months ago, the girlfriend's in prison."

"Yeah, yeah, we're not here about her. Now, you didn't answer my question."

The officer frowned, but nodded. "I guess it's possible. But it'll take a while."

"That's fine," Dean said, slumping into one of the chairs. "Just try to hurry."

He read through McNeal's file again while he waited. Heath's house was about two hours away, but it was the closest case he could find that fit the requirements.

After another 30 minutes the desk officer finally turned around. "His belongings were kept by his younger brother, in that same house."

Dean nodded and rose from the chair. "Alright, thanks."

He dropped the file on the desk again before he left.

A/N: It's definitely going somewhere now! Thanks for all the reviews on my first chapter, it means a lot. I hope you liked this one too, please keep commenting your thoughts.

3. Hour 7

The drive to Heath McNeal's house felt like it took forever. Dean was impatient to stop the disease so he could get back to his brother-his sick brother, which by the way now meant that he had a time stamp on solving this thing. Sam had less than 24 hours to live before the disease took him, and that Dean was very well aware of. He stepped harder on the gas pedal.

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Knock-knock.

The McNeal's house was huge, modernistic and expensive-looking. Knocking on the large, thick door felt slightly intimidating to Dean, but he did it anyway. A red-haired, maybe 15-year-old boy opened the

door.

"Yes?" he said.

Dean showed his FBI badge again. "You're Heath McNeal's brother?"

The boy nodded. "Todd."

"Okay, Todd, well, I kind of need to have a look at your brother's belongings."

Todd looked suspicious. "Why?"

Dean had to prevent himself from sighing. It was never easy.

"I'm sorry, but my reasons are classified. I can't tell you anything."

The boy hesitated for a few moments, but then he finally let Dean in.

>The house looked just as fancy on the inside, glass walls and high ceiling with chandeliers.
"Follow me", said Todd, and so he did.

They ended up in what looked like Heath's old room. Of course, there was no sign of the horrific event that had taken place. All the blood was gone. Other than that, it looked completely the same as on the pictures.

"Are you looking for anything specific?" Todd asked Dean as he searched the room.

"Yes, actually, something that was here the day your brotherâ€¦ um, the day he passed."

"You mean the day he was _murdered? _It's okay, you can say it."

"Well, yeah, okay then. The day of the murder. Something that wasâ€¦ contaminated."

Todd's freckled nose creased as he frowned, but if he thought it was weird he didn't say anything. Instead he reached toward a shelf and pulled out an old record disc. The light green middle part was spotted with something brown, and Dean realized it was blood. Heath's blood. This was it. This was what he needed.

Todd handed over the disc, and Dean noticed traces of a crack where the disc must've broken during the murder.

"Alright, thank you Todd. This is what I was looking for. I'mâ€¦ gonna need to take it with me to the office."

"Will you give it back after that?" Todd asked, a sad look on his face. "It was his favorite. Every time I hear it, I think of him."

Sympathy hit Dean in the gut like a punch. In his hunt for this object, he'd forgotten that Todd had lost his brother. Dean had felt

that loss once, and he didn't ever want to experience that again, nor did he want anyone else to suffer through it.

"I'm really sorry, kid", Dean said. "Butâ€¦"

Todd tried to blink away the tears that were building in his eyes, and suddenly, Dean couldn't say no.

"I'll try to get it back to you as soon as possible", he lied.

Todd smiled a little. "Thanks."

ooo000ooo

As the hours passed, Sam could feel himself heating up. He was drenched in sweat, and got dizzy every time he stood up to fill a towel with cold water. He placed it on his forehead to try and keep the fever down, but it warmed up almost immediately.

Sam didn't bother to wipe the blood of his mouth anymore. He just kept coughing up more anyway. His throat felt dry and burning by now, but water just made it worse.

To pass the time, he tried to count every tile in the room, but after a while his vision got too blurry and he lost count, so he gave up.

>He couldn't tell how long it'd been before he heard the door to the motel room open again.<p>

"Sam?" Dean called out.

When he tried to reply, only a slight wheeze came out.

"Sammy? Are you okay?" Dean asked again when he got no response.

Sam cleared his throat and tried again. "Yeah", he managed to croak.

"Thank god", he heard Dean breathe. "You feverish?"

"You could say that", Sam mumbled, closing his eyes. "Did you get it?"

"Yeah, I went to the police station and found an old case of a dude murdered by his girlfriend. His stuff had been kept by his younger brother, so I went over to his house and used my FBI badge to get a disc that the victim bled on. That should work, right?"

Sam nodded, then realized Dean couldn't see him. "Yeah." He paused, frowning as his sick brain pieced things together.

"Wait", he continued. "You had time to do all that? How long's it been?"

His brother was quiet for a moment outside. "Sam, I've been gone for seven hours."

"Oh." He'd expected something like two hours, not more. But it didn't matter.

"Now I just need a Holy Knife or whatever. How do I get one of those?"

"I'm guessing the knife needs to-" He coughed again. "Ahem, I think it's gotta be purified by a priest."

"Crap", Dean mumbled from the other side of the door. "That means I gotta leave again. You gonna be okay in there?"

>"I'm fine, Dean. Just go."<p>

"Yeah, you sound fine", said Dean's sarcastic voice. "Alright, hang in there, man."

Then the door opened and closed, and Sam was alone again.

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Counting the seconds actually helped pass the time. It reminded him of when he'd been captured by 'friendly' vampires all those years ago* and he'd counted the seconds from their lair so he could find his way back

10 827â€| 828â€| 829â€| 830â€|

It hurt to breathe. He imagined his dry throat had begun to crack open and that's why it was hurting. Then he caught himself thinking that it was a very weird thing to be imagining.

889â€| 10 900â€| 901â€|

He eyelids felt incredibly heavy, so he closed them. For a brief moment he had the weird sensation of being disconnected from his body, and that he was soaring into the air, then everything started spinning violently.

He gasped and opened his eyes again. The spinning stopped, but his vision was too blurry to see anything.

Fever hallucinations. That's what it was.

He tried to keep his eyes open, but it was just so hard. Eventually, he felt himself drifting off again. His mind fought to cling to awareness, but the disease was too strong. It's claws wrapped around him and everything went dark.

A/N: Sorry for a short chapter, i'm promising you a longer one tomorrow! Please review!

* Did you catch this reference? It's from Supernatural season 2 episode 3!

4. Steel and Light

The drive to the church was supposed to take an hour and a half. But speeding way above the limit, Dean made it there in just about one.

He opened the trunk and picked up a silver knife before walking

inside the church. It was quiet and empty inside, his footsteps echoing as he walked up to the altar.

"Hello?" he said. After a couple of moments a priest stuck out her head from the side room.

>"Yes?" she said. "Did you reserve a time?"<p>

"No, I, uh, didn't have time. I'm kind of in a hurry."

"Oh, sorry sweetie," she said with a small smile, "I'm afraid you're going to have to get in line."

"No, listen to me!" Dean exclaimed just as she was about to shut the door. "This is about life and death. I need your help."

This at least made her hesitate.

"Please," Dean continued, "This is going to sound weird, but my brother's dying. And the only way to save him is with this knife." He showed her the knife, handle first. "But it needs to be made Holy and, I don't know, purified. And since it can't exactly walk into the confession booth and stark talkin', I need yourâ€¦ holiness."

The priest watched him suspiciously for a second, perhaps to see if he was joking, but then sighed and approached him.

"You're right, that sounds incredibly weird. But you seem serious. And if this is truly about life and deathâ€¦ well, I guess there's no way I can't help."

Relief shot through Dean's body. "Thank you."

She nodded, taking the knife from him. "I'm not exactly sure what you mean by making it Holy, but I'll just purify it like other objects are purified."

She walked disappeared into the side room again, and came out with a bowl, a lighter, and a cross. She lit the lighter and held the blade over the flame.

"_Everything that can stand the fire, you shall pass through the fire,"_ she mumbled, moving the knife through the flame, "_and it shall be clean."_

She put the lighter down, then fetched a can with holy water and poured it into the bowl.

"_But it shall be purified with water for impurity_" , she continued, dropping the knife into the bowl. She knelt before the bowl, clutched her hands around the cross, mumbling a few more words which he assumed to be a prayer. Then she got up, took the knife out and dried it on a towel.

"All done", she said with a smile. "It's as pure as it can get. Oh, and you might want to carve a cross into the blade, just to be sure."

"Yeah", he said, taking the knife from her. "Will do. Thank you."

"No problem."

He gave her a quick smile before returning to his car. He threw an eye at the clock and quickly added the numbers up. He'd been gone two more hours. At least three before he got back. Swallowing, he turned the key and turned the engine on and drove away.

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When the motel was finally visible from the road Dean felt better, like he hadn't been able to relax until now. It felt finally felt like he was actually going to do this.

He parked his beloved car, got the knife out of the trunk and hurried toward their room, fumbling with the keys for a moment before he unlocked the door and walked in.

>It was quiet inside " too quiet, and dark. The sun had still been out when he left, but now it was dark outside and since Sam obviously hadn't left the bathroom, no lamps were on.<p>

"Sam?" he called out while turning the lights on. "You good?"

No reply. He had taken a long time to speak the last time too, so Dean tried not to worry.

"Sammy?" Dean knocked on the bathroom door.

This time, when Sam stayed quiet, concern welled up inside him.

"Sam, I swear to god, if you don't answer me, I'm going to kick this door in."

Still nothing. Dean swore under his breath, then fetched Heath McNeal's disc from the bag that he dropped off last time he was here, and put the disc on the bed along with the Holy Knife. That's when he realized he didn't know what to do with them. He guessed it wasn't as easy as just stabbing the disc to death.

He scrambled for the computer, typed in Sam's password and found the article about the Dark Death in the history. He searched through the page, looking for a segment about a spell or something. Then he found it. A spell written in latin, and below it, instructions.

_Preached while spilling human blood taken by the light over the object of betrayal. Then the object shall be broken. _

The spell requires the same number of mouths that there are objects used.

Dean's body froze as he realized that he couldn't do this alone. But he was running out of time.

He got up and started banging at the door again. "Sam? Can you hear me?"

The quiet that met him seemed to laugh him in the face.

Frustrated, he took a couple of steps back, and then threw himself at the door. It barely budged. He repeated the motion several times

before the lock finally gave out and the door flew open. Dean stumbled through it, and the first thing he noticed was Sam. On the floor, passed out.
>"Sammy?" Dean said, kneeling beside him.<p>

His face was read, hair wet with sweat. Apparently Sam had tried to keep the fever down by using cool towels, because there was one still on his forehead, but it wasn't cold anymore. It was warm.

Dean removed the towel and pressed his palm to his brother's forehead. It was burning hot.

"Crap", Dean mumbled before grabbing a bucket from the closet and filling it with as cold water as he could get from the tap. He drenched a towel in it and muttered a low "sorry, Sammy" before pouring the water all over Sam's body.

His brother reacted immediately, recoiling away from it and trying to cover his face. In the process he banged his head against the bathtub, but he didn't seem to notice. He just sputtered and hissed to get the water out of his nose and mouth. Then he opened his eyes, blinking frantically against the light.

"Dean?" Sam croaked, and immediately started coughing. Blood sprayed from his mouth as he didn't cover it.

"Hey, Sam", Dean said, kneeling beside his brother and wiping the sweat and blood of his face with the wet towel. "You with me?"

Sam nodded slightly. Then his eyes widened and he backed up against the bathtub, half sitting now. "What the hell are you doing?! Why are you in here? You're gonna get sick!"

"Calm down", Dean said, a hand on his brother's shoulder. "It doesn't matter now. I've got everything we need. But there's a spell and I can't do it alone."

Sam's body relaxed again, and his eyes fluttered closed again. "I don't know if I can, Deanâ€¦ I'm justâ€¦ too tired."

"I'll help you. Hey," Dean patted his brother's cheek to keep him awake, "hey, stay with me. The only way to get better is to fight through the pain, alright? We gotta do this."

Sam opened his eyes again, squinting, then gave a weak shake of his head. "I can'tâ€¦"

"You can", Dean insisted. "I know you can. I'm here, okay, let me help you."

Sam hesitated for a second, then, finally, he nodded.

Dean let out a relieved breath before sliding his arm around his brother's back and wrapping Sam's weak arm around his own neck.

>"You ready? One, two, three."<p>

He rose, and Sam stumbled to his feet, immediately looking nauseous. He coughed again and tried to turn away from Dean as much as possible.

"It's okay, Sammy", said Dean. "I'm probably already infected anyway."

Sam just groaned. Dean led him out of the bathroom, slowly, and placed his brother on the bed next to the disc and knife.

"Okay, you ready to do this?" Dean asked, rubbing his hands together.

Sam nodded, but he had already started to fall back toward the bed. Dean grabbed his arm to keep him upright.

"That's it?" Sam slurred, eyeing the objects on the bed.

"Yup, the disc that murdered-McNeal bled on, and the blessed Knife."

"What's the spell?"

Dean wrote it down from the Internet and handed the note to Sam. His brother's hand was shaking as he took it. As a matter of fact, Dean noticed that Sam's whole body was shaking slightly.

>"What's wrong? You cold?" Dean asked.
"A little", Sam mumbled with a shrug, his eyes focused on reading the spell.
>Dean snorted. "Little my ass."<p>

He walked over to the wardrobes and found a spare blanket. He wrapped it around his brother's shoulders.

"Better?"

Sam nodded. "Yeah. Probably gonna' get too hot in a couple o' seconds tho'â€|"

"Then let's get rid of this stupid disease once and for all."

A/N: So I'm doing some POV changes, as you've probably noticed. Hope it's not annoying for you. I'd love to hear your thoughts about this chapter in the reviews!

5. As I Lay Dying

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Sam awoke to confusion.

Sammy.

Did someone say his name?

Something cold traveled through his body. He'd been burning up just a second ago, but now he was hot and cold all over.

Suddenly, he couldn't breathe. Something, water, was in his throat and nose. His lungs protested with coughs and sputters. He tried to open his eyes, and blinked against the strong light.

A blurry figure loomed over him.

"Dean?" Sam asked. Another cough came over him as the words tickled his dried throat.

"Hey, Sam", his brother said, relief in his voice. Something cool traveled over Sam's face. "You with me?"

Sam nodded. Then reality caught up with him and he realized what was actually going on. "What the hell are you doing?!" he exclaimed, trying to move away from his brother, but the bath tub was in the way. And he was too weak anyway. "What are you doing? You're gonna get sick!"

"Calm down." Dean's hand was on his shoulder, holding him down. "It doesn't matter now, I've got everything we need. But there's a spell and I can't do it alone."

A spell?

To get rid of the disease.

"I don't know if I can, Dean", Sam said. His body ached all over and he felt too tired to even move his legs. "I'm justâ€¦ too tired."

His eyelids suddenly felt incredibly heavy and his eyes were burning, so he closed them.

"I'll help you", Dean promised. "Hey, hey, stay with me. The only way to get better is to fight through the pain, alright? We gotta do this."

Fight through the pain.

Sam had said so himself, when he was doing the trials. He knew Dean was right. But something inside him screamed that it was someone else's turn to carry the burden. He just wanted to rest.

"I can't", he whispered, opening his eyes slightly to look at his brother.

"You _can. _I know you can. I'm here, okay, let me help you."

I can't carry the burden that comes with these trials, but I can carry you.

He couldn't let his brother down. He couldn't let Dean down again. And so he just nodded.

>Sam felt Dean's arm slide around his back. He put his own arm around his brother's neck for support.<p>

"You ready?" Dean asked. "One, two, three."

With joint force Sam was able to get to his feet. The world spun as he stood, and the dark smoke that was constantly circling his vision didn't really help.

Another cough tickled his throat and he tried to turn away from Dean as much as possible to not infect him.

"It's okay, Sammy", his brother said. "I'm probably already infected anyway."

He didn't have the energy to respond, so he just let out a frustrated sound.

His body was aching and shivering, the fever making him feel incredibly cold.

Dean guided him to the bed. "Okay, you ready to do this?"

Sam nodded. Then Dean's hand was wrapped around his arm to hold him up. He hadn't even realized that his body was giving up.
>Something next to him on the bed suddenly caught his attention. A disc and a knife.<p>

"That's it?" Sam tried to say, but his voice was sluggish from being so tired.

"Yup, the disc that murdered-McNeal bled on, and the blessed Knife."

Sam blinked to try and get rid of the demon smoke that was covering his brother's face.

"What's the spell?" he asked.

Dean turned away from him, scribbled something on a piece of paper and gave it to Sam. He took it, but reading the words were harder than he thought, especially with shaking hands.

"What's wrong?" Dean suddenly asked him. "You cold?"

"A little." He shrugged it off. It could've been worse.

"Little my ass", Dean said sarcastically.

Sam ignored him, still trying to read the spell.

After a few moments, something soft and heavy was wrapped around his shoulders. A blanket.

"Better?"

>Sam nodded, relieved that it got rid of the shivers. "Yeah. Probably gonna' get too hot in a couple of seconds thoughâ€|"<p>

He'd been experiencing heat waves on and off right before he passed out, and they were still going strong. Sometimes he was shivering like crazy, then in just a minute he could be burning up again.

"Then let's get rid of this stupid disease once and for all", his brother said sternly.

"Yeah", Sam mumbled. "Let's do it."

Dean knelt in front of the bed, a new, smaller knife in hand. With it, he carved what looked like a cross into the blade of the purified knife.

>"Almost forgot about this", muttered Dean. Then he stood up, taking

the Holy Knife in his hand. "You got the spell?"
"Barely", Sam said with a sigh. "There's too much smoke-

"You're seeing smoke? Black smoke?"

"Yes, it's justâ€¦ kind of always there. In the background. Why?"

"Isn't that what the nurse said all the victims did before theyâ€¦ died?"

Sam thought about this for a moment. Then his eyes widened slightly. "Yeah, I think she did."

Dean's face hardened. "Well, then we gotta hurry the hell up."

"So, how do we perform the spell?" Sam asked, pausing for a cough. "And why did you need me?"

"We need blood drawn by 'the light', which I'm guessing is the Holy Knife. And I need you, because the spell needs to be said by two people. One for each object used in the spell, so the disc and the knife."

"Oh." Sam wrapped the blanket closer around him as the shivers returned.

Dean threw an eye at him, but then his brother pressed the blade of the purified knife against his palm and drew blood. He held his fist over the disc and let the blood drip onto it.
>"Here we go", Dean mumbled.<p>

ooo000ooo

"So, how'do we pe'fom the spell?" Sam slurred. "And why'd'ya need me?"

Dean explained to his brother what the page had said about the ritual.

"Oh", said Sam, pulling the blanket closer to him. He was hunching over so much that Dean thought his back would break, too weak to hold himself upright.

Dean forced himself to focus on the ritual and used the Holy Knife to cut into his palm. He closed his hand into a fist and held it over the disc. The blood dripping onto the disc looked so much darker than the dried-up blood from Heath McNeal.

>"Here we go", Dean said. After a few moments, he wrapped a piece of fabric around his palm to stop the bleeding and handed the Holy Knife to Sam.<p>

Then the object shall be broken.

He picked up the disc, hesitated for a moment, and then threw it onto the floor, hard.

It gave a sound like breaking glass as it shattered into small pieces.

Sam flinched noticeably at the sound, but didn't ask any questions. He just returned to looking like he'd fall over any second.

Dean placed his hand on Sam's shoulder, bending down to look at him.

"Okay, let's do this", said Dean.

Sam just nodded, fumbling with the note.

"Spiritus est qui requirit mortem, purgari ad hoc item", Dean chanted.

"Spiritus est qui requirit mortem" continued Sam, voice weak.

"mittere ope lucis"

"in hac ruina rerum of manserit"

"Spiritus est qui requirit mortem, purgari"

".ad hoc item."

Suddenly, bright white light shone from the broken pieces of the disc. Sam hissed as the Holy Knife had begun to glow, white hot, and dropped it to the floor. Dean closed his eyes as the light became too strong, and then, it was gone. Looking down at the floor, the disc was whole again. Although there was not a trail of blood on it, not Heath's or Dean's. Dean bent down and picked up the Holy knife- no, scratch the Holy part. The cross was gone. It was probably just a normal knife again.

Dean looked up at his brother. Sam gave a relieved, shaky laugh, before blood started pouring down his nose. Then his eyes rolled back in his head and he fell back on the bed.

A/N: Heheh, couldn't let Sam get away that easily could I. Hope you liked this chapter, it was a little longer than the others!

Oh, and by the way, have you read the Synopsis for Season 11 episode 20 called "Don't call me Shurley"? Amara is supposedly creating dark fog that makes people go mad that sounds so similar to what this story is about!

Anyway, please keep reviewing, it really keeps me going. Thanks for reading guys!

End
file.